



# Rhyme Time



👁 9 ✓ 0 ★ 1

## Chapter 1 by StoryWizard

There once was a boy named Roose  
Who owned a herd of moose  
He was an odd fellow  
His eyes a bright yellow  
Just like his home; a caboose

One random day  
He was whisked away  
By a large Freature  
A magnificent creature  
And taken along the lines of ley

For such raw magic  
Powered by the Freature Clajic  
Could allow you to teleport  
To the nearest Cragswart  
In the land of the emperor Rajic.

Now Roose must face  
A vile zombie race  
In order to roam  
Straight back to his home

A live life at his own pace.

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Aww poor roose  
who would take care of his moose?  
If no one took care of the moose they might run loose  
The look on his face  
Full of mild dismay  
"I guess they will run loose"



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